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Dance Hall

By GORDON LAWRENCE

The supple backs of young girls are pleasant to encircle;
And the encounters of knees,
And the proximity of flexing thighs in the dancing.

But I am entrapped by this music.

I must give my eyes also to the making of this libidinous syncopation.

The black cornetist and he of the trombone are ecstatic,
And the corpulence with the bull fiddle is one who beholds a vision.
The ebon moonface plucking the banjo is Nero in shirt and trousers;
He should wear a halo of vine leaves.

The tall clarinet is Eros,
An Eros of quavers and shrill sighs for arrows.

For the moment the blacks are Romans.

I would see togas on them.

White togas with designs out of Etruria on the hems.

Let them play their incestuous trombones

And their desirous clarinets for the dancing,

The dancing of slave girls with yellow hair,

Of little Goths with small breasts,

Of slave girls from the North whose white legs gleam before the tawny
Romans.

I shall be Commodus, son of the philosopher,
I shall be Commodus, and the most beautiful dancer,
With the yellow hair, and the white flanks heaving,
Shall take off her one garment before me.

Now the blacks gasp short breaths into their horns of brass,
They praise the Lord with greater urgency on their mellow reeds and
their strings of catgut,
And there sounds, above the insistent drums, the tramp of the armies of
God,
And the clarinet shrills good tidings, and the flat feet pat in unison.
The yellow tenor chants the vulgar words of the song,
But the trumpets, playing jazz, sing canticles unto Him,
The compassionate,

And the spears of angels guard the faithful,
And cherubim fold their wings,
And Jesus shakes hands with the newest arrivals.

The narrow stayless backs of girls are pleasant,
And the encounters of thighs,
And the breasts so scantily covered.
When the music ceases there is a clatter of tongues,
And the puffing of many cigarettes in the air heavy with smoke and
the exhaled breath of the dancers.

The Hunters

By GORDON LAWRENCE

In the hot pine woods wait huge red spiders,
Hairy with stiff black hair,
Mottled with yellow and black like Harlequin at the carnival.
The cords of their webs stretch between trees in the misty light,
Strung with cloudy pearl and smouldering dew globules.
Harlequin sways in the wind
And clutches the irradiating threads
Like Atropos reaching for the scissors.

But I am concerned with the fortunes of this one here in the attic,
This black scurrying of legs, this ravenous sac, terrified and gelid.
Her lair is a weaving of blankets,
A maze of fading threads,
A tumbled shanty of silk,
Cluttered with shanks and wings, offal of old dinners.
But no fly buzzes in the heavy air;
The black watcher waits in vain.
Will no god entrap a victim for this hunger?

The Dyeing Vat

By UPTON CLOSE

THIS is a story of horror. If nightmares trouble you, do not read it.

Monsieur de Cygnet was gathering Buddhist prayer rugs off in inner Mongolia, on the northwestern edge of China. He had with him, as sole attendant aside from the Mongol camel drivers, a wrinkled little Chinese from Canton, named Chan.

De Cygnet, looking for something fit to adorn the new Oriental Salon in the Louvre, had run upon the perfect treasure. After two thousand miles of travel from Kashgar to the Yellow River, he had found at Paotow, the gateway of Mongolia, an assembly of the best weavers of Central Asia engaged in making a complete set of rugs containing the entire symbolism of the Yellow Sect for the new temple of the giant Amida Buddha, Mai-drr, which nestled like a white pearl in the lap of the Great Verdant Range. The priests of this institution were closer to the civilized world than others and, as the Frenchman judged, more amenable to reason in the shape of Chinese silver. The task of bribing the Lamas to allow the uncompleted set of sacred rugs to go, proved, however, to be perilous and uncertain and never ending. There was always danger that the sacrilegeous contract might be renounced. Then there were the workmen to watch. He dared not leave the evil-smelling dyeing and weaving the rooms down in the city an instant, for fear that the weavers, relieved of some compunctions in leaving

the service of Mai-drr for that of foreign money, might substitute inferior wool or grow careless in their work.

At length his provisions gave out, and Chan, his Chinaman, brought him three times a day the same ration of mare's milk, mutton and stem tea. By this time, however, he was able to count the days of his sojourn. Millimeter by millimeter, the precious fabrics grew toward completion, as the dyed yarn from lambs never before shorn was tied, knot by knot, onto the warp of fine, stout threads of wild hemp. A splendor of color began to fill the dark, earthen-floored shelters as the golds and imperial yellows, crimsons and vermillions, oranges and greens and blues of the symbolic animals, figures, and landscapes, took their places on the perpendicular looms.

Of all the colors, the connoisseur loved the back-ground blues. These it was that made the Mongol rug absolutely irreproducible in the western world, and his collection of priceless value. The precious pigment was obtained by a secret process from the wild grass of the steppes, many kilograms of the grass being required to produce a few grams of the dye. And then it required a gram of the dye to color a gram of wool, so that the dye for each rug cost three times as much as its fine longhaired wool brought down the great, shallow river on pigskin floats all the way from Tibet. But this vegetable dye never turns metallic and never streaks. And

it blends into the surrounding color and ages gently, until it becomes as soft and luminous as a May sky. De Cygnet had written to Paris of his wonderful blues, far surpassing the indigo dyes of the Chinese rug. And he had received word that the rug experts of all Europe were awaiting his arrival with his find.

Late one afternoon the last of the rugs was completed. De Cygnet himself helped to take every one of them down from the looms. The borders were gently clipped, the ends bound in, and glued. Carefully and reverently they were rolled into great pieces of heavy, rough camel-cloth.

While this was going on, Chan brought in the customary meal. De Cygnet, although fatigued and hungered, would not stop until all his treasures were checked and wrapped and tagged. He seized a cup of tea hastily from the tray. It slopped over and spilled on the rug.

"Mon dieu!" exclaimed the connoisseur, setting back the cup and falling on his knees to wipe the rug with his sleeve. "Let's see what you've got in that cup!" He grasped it again and went with it to the door. "Oh well," he said, relieved as he examined the liquid. "Not enough tea to color. This dye does not fear a little plain water. Sometimes, Chan, your cooking has its good side!"

The Chinese shuffled out to refill the cup. De Cygnet summoned a youthful apprentice working nearby and with his aid set the heavy rug aside to dry until morning. All the others he packed ready for shipment. Then he sat down to eat.

The workmen went to their sleeping boards. De Cygnet sent Chan to ar-

range for camel transport to be on hand at dawn the next morning. He remained alone in the court-yard, watching the brilliant stars and the lights at the Lamasary, high on the distant mountain.

He was through with those grasping capricious priests. In the morning, when every rug was safely aboard his camels he would make the final payment to the rug-makers. And then to the railhead, the seaport, and back to his own world with the greatest art find of the decade! He doubted if, by absolute standards, there was any collection of rugs in the western world to match his. He would be acclaimed—he would have fame as well as the sense of a great accomplishment. Elation filled his breast, at the same time that his nerves were strained to the breaking point.

In the morning he awoke from evil dreams, irritated to find that he had slept so late. Outside the papered lattice-work front of his room, all was bustle and confusion. Slipping into his clothes, he went into the courtyard to find Chan directing the loading of the camels, while workmen and apprentices stood by and watched. He rebuked the Chinese for proceeding without his presence. The camels were made to kneel again, while he checked over, according to his record of the night before, the parcels already roped on to the great pack-saddles that bestrode their humps.

The loading was soon completed. One rug was missing. Oh, yes,—the piece that got wet. De Cygnet ran into the building and lugged it out. As the sunlight struck it, he noticed a glinty streak where the water had spilled.

Surprised, he examined it more closely. There was the reddish tinge such as might come from bronze powder—unmistakeable evidence of analine dye.

"What!" he exclaimed, beckoning to the master workmen. "What have you used here?"

Frantically he began tearing the bundles off the munching camels. Slitting each open with his knife, he tested the blue of rug after rug with a wetted hankerchief. They were all false.

"Analine dye!" he shouted. "Where did you get it? Didn't I see you put grass in the vat?"

"Your servant got it for us," said the leading workman, alarmed. "He said he knew of foreign dye which would be better for foreigners than our own, and was much cheaper, and he had a Chinese trader get it on condition that we pay him half the amount saved. We were not sure about the stuff and mixed it with our own dye."

The Frenchman kicked the rugs, the work of two hundred men and boys for many weary weeks, into a heap, and spat upon them. "Keep them," he choked.

"But sir," said the weavers, now thoroughly aroused, "your servant—he told us to use it—."

De Cygnet turned on the frightened Chinaman. "Drown him in it," he screamed hoarsely. "Throw him in the vat!"

The smouldering anger of the slow-moving Mongol race against the more cunning Chinese who unremittingly tricked them, was aroused in the workmen. They seized the terror-stricken little Cantonese, and mercilessly carried

him into the dyeing shed. His screams suddenly ceased. The Frenchman recovered himself and followed. Perhaps he ought not to have released the passions of these big fellows, who were usually genial, yet, with no conscience against cruelty, merciless when aroused.

At the doorway he stopped, frozen with horror. He had not known that the chilled waters of the dyeing vat had been heated that very morning. The workmen, of course, knew and saw, but never hesitated.

As the Frenchman watched, a figure scrambled up out of the steaming water, crawled over the edge of the vat and directly toward him. Under the blue of the dye he saw its red, scalded flesh. The gruesome thing had its mouth open, but made no sound. Voice, sight, hearing were gone. It crept to him, struck against his legs, seized his ankles, and crumpled in a heap.

The Frenchman rushed from the place. On he went, blindly, the knife with which he had slit the bundles still open in his hand. Almost without thought, he came to the pearl-white temple of Mai-drr in the lap of the Verdant Mountain.

"You can have your rugs—you and your god!" he exclaimed to the first priest he met. Then he plunged the blade into his breast.

Two years later I visited Paotow. De Cygnet's prayer rugs were in the Lamasary, fading grotesquely. The priests saw nothing wrong with them. Down in the city the Chinese trader had erected a costly grave monument to Chan. He was waxing wealthy selling German dyes. It was impossible to procure a pure grass-dye rug in the district.

Back To Eden

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

By BERNARD GILBERT

WILLIAM ROBSON. So you're starting a Crusade, are you?

GILBERT. Not that I know of.

ROBSON. I've read these Conversations and it looks to me as if you are digging up old Rousseau.

GILBERT. There is no more possible a "Back to the Land" than there was possible a "Back to Eden;" although I daresay that cry was raised after the Flood.

ROBSON. Then what do you offer us?

GILBERT. Nothing.

ROBSON. Definite if dull. You are then following the great Mourners: the Satirists, the Cynics, the Fatalists, the Pessimists?

GILBERT. I accept things as they are.

ROBSON. You're painting on an extensive canvas, a panorama of Old England, taking this district of Bly as an extant example; and you're making it as attractive as you can.

GILBERT. Not as attractive as I can. I'm presenting it as it IS.

ROBSON. It attracts you?

GILBERT. Yes. I shall end my days where they began.

ROBSON. Then don't quibble. You are saying "There, with all its faults laid bare, its failings admitted, is Eden."

GILBERT. I was nourished on those old fables.

ROBSON. Back To Nature is a very old cry. But where is that you differ from the other prophets. What is your message to the cities?

GILBERT. I have no message. There is no hope for them.

ROBSON. Come now! You used to be fairly intelligent.

GILBERT. Those born outside the Garden certainly could never get back, so we needn't consider them. They wouldn't want it, if they had the opportunity. Talk to any intelligent cityling.

ROBSON. Don't invent words.

GILBERT. Townsmen won't do. I mean one born and bred in a great city.

ROBSON. Avoid them where possible. Rather reintroduce forgotten words, of which we have so rich a store.

GILBERT. Ask your cityling what he thinks about country life.

ROBSON. He says he loves the country; its scenery, its freedom, its silence—

GILBERT. And?

ROBSON. I suppose you mean that if he stops too long he finds it appallingly dull and flies back?

GILBERT. Doesn't he?

ROBSON. Yes. Unless he manages to live in some garden-suburb.

GILBERT. You can always tell an inhabitant of a garden suburb when you see him—or her. Tell me, Robson, do you know a countryman—a real countryman—who loves scenery or raves about it?

ROBSON. Not a real one—if you mean farmers or peasants or even landowners.

GILBERT. They don't worship stars or clouds or grass or trees. They don't

write poetry about the fresh air or God's sunlight. They accept them as part of themselves. Nature worship is for the absentee.

ROBSON. Just as seaside resorts began with great cities?

GILBERT. You were once kind enough to be pleased with my rural verses.

ROBSON. The best things you have done.

GILBERT. When they were collected and published in a volume I was peculiarly interested in the urban reviews. With one exception they found them dull. That exception was a poem on the East Wind where I let my imagination loose.

ROBSON. Why discuss urban review-ers?

GILBERT. They illustrate my point. But we have diverged. We struck the cityling out of our count and the question was: Can anyone who has been driven from Eden, return?

ROBSON. Yes. These natives are always coming home.

GILBERT. Not only does he return from America or Sheffield to his roots, but he longs always to do it. They have a proverb in Barkston, where the autoc-thons say "They always come home when they can."

ROBSON. You will find the proverb in every country of Europe.

GILBERT. The artists present a more interesting problem because they usually drive themselves away whilst the peasant only goes when he's forced. But what do you want to know?

ROBSON. You blandly tell your cityling that there is no hope for him and he'd best cut his throat.

GILBERT. Why should he? His problem is to adjust himself.

ROBSON. How the devil can they?

GILBERT. I don't know. The Chinese have. I believe Canton has had a population of about half a million for im-memorial centuries. They seem to thrive in crowded cities.

ROBSON. The Jews are a better illus-tration.

GILBERT. Oh! I hadn't considered them in that respect. They don't inter-fere with us here as you know. One bankmanager and one new landowner; neither of whom will stop.

ROBSON. They hardly ever settle on the soil or stay in a purely rural com-munity under modern conditions. They have turned into a race of city-dwellers. They thrive in slums. They have be-come acclimatized to overcrowding.

GILBERT. They are THE uprooted race.

ROBSON. Consider them in this as-pect.

GILBERT. When they were a settled nation they were incredibly cohesive, because of outer pressure.

ROBSON. Like the Greeks. The Jews under those conditions gave to the world a Man and a Book more influential than any man or book ever produced. Those were the fruits of their deeprootedness.

GILBERT. Since they disbanded—

ROBSON. That's hardly the term for the most fiercely cohesive race the world has ever seen.

GILBERT. Since they were uprooted they have given us no more Men or Books like those. Their leaders are revolutionists; their artists are disrup-tive.

ROBSON. I will find an exception in a moment but substantially I concur.

GILBERT. And they are always inter-

nationalists. If you examine movements like the League of Nations—

ROBSON. No don't.

GILBERT. The picture of Balfour smuggled out of Damascus!

ROBSON. Don't frivol.

GILBERT. We mustn't always be serious, Robson. Has it ever struck you—to hark back for a moment—that in a really rural district like this of Bly no peasant ever leaves it unless he IS forced.

ROBSON. Of course it has. It amuses me to read statements by city writers about the peasant flocking to the cities because they can't endure the boredom of the village without Movies, Electricity and evening papers.

GILBERT. I think I know everyone in the District and I can say that I have never known or heard of a case where a peasant has gone willingly.

ROBSON. Why should they? They're happy here.

GILBERT. The serpent always enters with the Knowledge. As if that wasn't enough the peasant is forced by law to send his children to be shut in schools and crammed with this knowledge which unfits him to stay in his Eden however he desires it.

ROBSON. You don't look on the immediate future with hope?

GILBERT. The prospect isn't pleasant. But I express no opinion about the movements of a nation. These take shape according to the causes that move them. I accept them.

ROBSON. As you don't upbraid a branch for breaking beneath your uncautious weight?

GILBERT. If the movement is downhill it will reach bottom and start again.

ROBSON. In that sense returning to Eden?

GILBERT. After the decay and smash of every civilization of which we have knowledge, the whole affair begins again under the simplest conditions. The descendants of the survivors begin a little higher than their predecessors and each successive civilization covers a longer period in time. But they each follow the same course, through the same phases, falling by the same reasons.

ROBSON. I should have thought you would place it higher than that.

GILBERT. What has the nomad Arab to do with the glory of Babylon, or the fellah with the Pharaohs of the Greek with the Acropolis?

ROBSON. You're a healthy optimist! Don't you care?

GILBERT. What has that to do with it? Do you care what happens after the death of your grandchildren?

ROBSON. I haven't any, nor shall have. But I daresay you're right there. Three generations is as far as anyone ever cares.

GILBERT. I will do anything I can to help my fellow citizens in the district of Bly to retain their state of rooted content.

ROBSON. You wouldn't really knock education on the head in Bly?

GILBERT. The assumption that I should have the power begs the question. The district can't escape. It has lasted wonderfully and is a direct descendant of the Old England that has nearly gone for ever. There is no hope however. Universal education was the final or mace blow.

ROBSON. What then can you do?

GILBERT. If you press me I can do

nothing except point out the truth. How can one man fight against a whole nation, indeed a whole world? How could he turn back the current of four centuries? All the wonderful old communities have gone. The Greeks, the settled Jews, the Incas, the Samauri, all gone.

ROBSON. One man certainly can't do much.

GILBERT. He can do nothing except get himself disliked and boycotted.

ROBSON. That will be your certain fate if you go along your present line.

GILBERT. I don't doubt it.

Translations From Arthur Rimbaud

By SAMUEL PUTNAM

APHORISMS

What constitutes my superiority is that I have no heart.

Flesh, marble, flower, Venus, it is in you that I believe.

It is necessary to be absolutely modern.

Christ, O Christ, eternal thief of energies . . .

Now I can say that art is a stupidity.

I have tried to invent new flowers, new stars, new species of flesh, new languors.

I ended by finding sacred the disorder of my soul.

Receive all the influxes of vigor and of real tenderness. And, at the dawn, armed with an ardent patience, we shall enter splendid cities.

PRETRES, PROFFESSEURS, MAITRES

Priests, professors, masters, you deceive yourselves in giving me over to justice. I have never been of that people; I have never been a Christian; I am of the race which sings in its torture, I do not understand your laws, I have not the moral sense, I am a brute; you deceive yourselves.

Paths and Bye-Paths In Paradise

(THREE RELIGIOUS POETS)

By ROYALL SNOW

LIKE all simple natures, George Herbert is difficult to appraise; where simplicity leaves off and silliness begins, how much of humility is due to spirituality and how much to mere nerveless weakness, no man can say. And Herbert presents the problem acutely. Those few of his poems which have conquered their certain place in anthologies incline one to accept Walton's judgment of the "almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy Life; a life so full of Charity, Humility and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the Eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it."

To begin with, Herbert's poems are written in a pellucid and sweet English style of the finest sort—a sort whose very limpidity exposes any cloud on the soul of the poet. There is no brilliance of sparkling metaphor, no dazzling splendour of language. His one embellishment is his simplicity and with it he achieves an almost perfect calmness of easy flowing, sensitive verse.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall will thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

The purity, the unaffectedness of such a stanza is but typical of all his work in a lesser degree. Donne was his great master but from Donne he borrowed only that master's fastidiousness in his choice of the pure English word, none of his fantastic caprice and fiery

imagination in the combination of such words. And where Donne's poetry is wrought out of struggle, Herbert's is wrought from the serenity which follows after—a serenity denied the passionate and troubled soul of the greater man. Not but what there are traces of conflict between the world and God in Herbert—but they are memories of a conflict safely past, not the agonies of one ever-present. And in the subdued calm that follows Herbert is at his best.

The one spirit to whom Herbert can be justly compared is neither a poet nor an Englishman—but the Italian Fra Angelico. The same sweetly subdued brightness, the same simplicity of faith, the same pleasantness of fancy animates the two men. The Christ the gentle monk painted in San Marco—a Christ in faintly luminous white, with a sadly tender face, and searching kind eyes—is the Christ Herbert worshipped. A religion which might be splendid or terrible to other men was to him serene. From any disturbance of its calm he shrank.

Throw away thy rod
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path

And if they are alike in their gentleness the Englishman and the Italian are alike too in their fancy. Neither had that powerful imagination that could seize upon the vast spaces of eternity, nor that could conceive the terrible splendour of The Last Judgment and

fix it in a blazing image. In place of the flaming sword of the imagination it is the soft fire-fly light of a pleasant fancy which plays about and illuminates the work of both. The fancy behind those bright angels of Angelico who stoop down in the fields of paradise to kiss adoring monks, is the fancy of Herbert's poems confined to colour and canvas. Only perhaps Angelico's is brighter. Herbert belongs in the gentleness of twilight, faintly melancholy, delicate—but a light wherein colours are subdued, beauty as well as ugliness is blurred. Angelico, being a painter as well as a saint, has an eye for the bright gold curls of his angels, knows that a Virgin martyr is none the worse for having a pretty face, and that the blues or pinks of her robe, if they are delicate, will go far towards setting off her beauty. And Angelico never cloys, his simplicity remains always fresh and charming. With Herbert one wonders....

For Herbert's charm is in the few poems that are in the anthologies. To read more is to learn that he is always so kindly, earnest, pleasant of fancy, easy and pure of verse—and to learn also that, in bulk, he is extraordinarily tedious, that he has nothing to offer not contained in those few anthology pieces. The difficulty which threatens all religious poetry is present in his work.

England has had, certainly, her share of poets, and probably, her share of good men, and yet how little religious poetry of any importance there is in English. Milton's great poem, whatever its purpose, ended by taking over the legal organization Calvin arranged for heaven and poetizing it. It is a material handling of the immaterial and

if the poem gains grandeur from the awful names of God and Satan, those protagonists take their characteristics from men—and the poem is not religious. The difficulty seems to be that poetry is born of a passionate and active personality—and that religion demands a submergence of the individual into the eternal. The great poets are none of them without a religious sense but they are concerned first with the problems of personality in this world—problems of course not to be solved merely in terms of the material. The purely religious poet on the other hand avoids rather than solves such problems, instead of adjusting an active personality to a situation, his passive personality refers it to God, and escapes pain by trying to present so polished a surface of passivity that the talons of the world can get no grip. All of which is too negative for poetry. The fierce struggle to attain faith is poetry's material, so also is a fiery and intense mysticism which makes communion with God a passionate act rather than a negative submission—the intermediate stage is barren.

And it was in this intermediate stage that Herbert stopped, past the struggle, he yet could not reach the fervour of Vaughn or Crashaw. And one suspects that his spirituality and humility were the refuge of a timid soul rather than the glory of a strong one. That is why the sweetness of Fra Angelico is always fresh, while Herbert's grows stale. Indeed the saintliness of his life seems sprung as much from lack of self-reliance as from Christian instinct. The spectacle of Herbert at the age of thirty-three kneeling before his mother and asking permission to disobey her, al-

though it is one of those touching scenes so dear to sentimental old ladies, throws a not altogether favourable light on his character. And it must not be forgotten that that mother kept him lingering on at the University against his will and in spite of a tendency to consumption. So placed he was most likely to get the court appointment he hoped for, and continued to hope for until the death of powerful patrons made it clear that he would get no place except by vigorous initiative on his own part. Then he turned to the church. It is fairly clear that his mother made most of his decisions for him. That she was a resolutely virtuous woman is apparent and her intellect must have been of no mean order to win and hold the friendship of John Donne. It was of her Donne wrote:

No Spring nor Summer-Beauty has such
Grace
As I have seen in an Autumnal Face.

One of her sons she followed to Cambridge that she might watch over him—yet one wonders if such self-sacrificing devotion to her children might not have had ill-effects. Certainly the letter quoted by Walton as an example of filial love gives one a shocked doubt of the wisdom of Herbert's training. The news had come to him at the University that she was ill and he wrote her: (I extract ruthlessly).

I beseech you be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grieved in it more than for a moment?.... Madam! As the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly joys compared to heavenly joys, therefore if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, [you] who are now so near those true comforts [n.b. she was five years

away from them and had no thought of dying at the time]. And for afflictions of body, dear Madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures, as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours (which praised be God are less) are not like to continue long—I beseech you let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow.

One is justified I think in a profound distrust of a young University man who writes his mother in quite this strain. And taking into account the extent to which she relieved him of the responsibility of decision one begins to understand the sense of nervelessness given by his work in bulk. Deprived by death of her governance he shifted the responsibility she had taken on to Christ—his timidity explains the fervour of certain lines.

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound, *My Master!*
As Ambergrice leaves a rich scent
Unto the Taster:
So doth these Words a sweet Content,
An oriental Fragrancy, *My Master.*

His religion seems to be the refuge of weakness! he was a vine that clung to the nearest strength, not an active soul, and his poetry suffers therefor.

Quite a different man and a much finer poet is Henry Vaughn. His work has not the level monotony of excellence possessed by Herbert's but it is free of his central paralysis, his passivity. Vaughn may be bad but he is never nerveless, and out of his pages at any moment may flame the very best. It is because he faces his religion with an active intensity.

Tis now cleare day: I see a Rose
Bud in the bright East, and disclose
The Pilgrim-Sunne; all night have I
Spent in a roving Extasie
To find my Saviour.

That is not the search for God of a man who had never found him; rather the words are those of the mystic who knows communion with God is not, and cannot be because of its very intensity, continuous, that God must be perpetually sought. And Vaughn abandons himself to his quest to the point of exhaustion.

Quite spent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay

Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.
I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
We gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious Ring.

The faith of the mystic is less practical, less reducible to formula than that of the honest man with a sense of God, yet in the end it comes back to the same confidence in a power outside himself, a confidence however embraced more exultantly. I quote again for Vaughn is his own best spokesman.

1

Joy of my life while left me here!
And still my love!
How in thy absence thou dost steere
Me from above!
A life well led
This truth commands;
With quick or dead
It never ends.

.....

3

God's Saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse;
But these all night,
Like Candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into Bed.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that Citie's shining spires
We travell to.
A swordlike gleame
Kept man for sin
First Out: this beame
Will guide him In.

Faith means to the more feminine soul of Herbert a windless and serene twilight, to Vaughn it is electric and dazzling. The one hopes for peace in subdued light, the other thinks in terms of brilliance and quickened energy. "Give wings to my fire," he asks "And hatch my soul, until it fly up where thou art, amongst thy tire, Of stars" Eternity is about him "Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light." And he looks forward to the day when "The great and white throne I shall see Of my dread Lord". Always the note is the same, an electric kindling of the spirit, a dazzling of the eyes by light and shining robes. And the Envoy to his first great book opens with an invocation in the same tone.

O the new world's new-quickning Sun!
Ever the same and never done!
The seers of whose sacred light
Shall all be dressed in shining white
..... Arise, Arise!

Richard Crashaw is in some ways the most intriguing of this contrasted group. The anonymous friend who introduces him in the preface to the original edition begins by assuring the "Learned Reader" that these poems "shall lift thee, reader, some yards above the ground;"—an alarming prophecy which is soon followed by a wholesale massacre of poetic reputations. "It were prophane" says this friend, "but to mention here in the preface those underheaded poets, retainers to seven shares and a half, madrigal fellows, whose only business in verse is to rhyme a poor sixpenny soul, a suburb sinner, into hell. May such arrogant pretenders to poetry vanish with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats and flashes

of their adulterate brains; and for ever after may this our poet fill up the better room of man! Oh! when the general arrangement of poets shall be to give an account of their higher souls, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine poet sit above and look down upon poor Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian etc. [how terribly comprehensive that "etc." is!] who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant genius upon bees, dung, frogs, and gnats, etc. and not as himself here upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels!"

One turns after this with a chastened meekness to the poet's *Divine Epi-grams* only to find the familiar roses and lilies of love poetry put to the most surprising of uses. Crashaw has this to say "Upon the Infant Martyrs"

To see both blended in one flood,
The mothers' milk, the childrens blood
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather
Roses hence, or lilies rather.

and "Sampson to his Delilah" speaks strangely in the voice of a conventional lover:

Cruel, could not once blinding me suffice?
When first I look'd on thee I lost mine eyes.

A hasty ruffling of the pages and we find Crashaw has fetched this "Out of the Italian"

Would any one the true cause find
How love came naked, a boy, and blind?
Tis this: list'ning one day too long
To th' Syrens in my mistress' song,
The ecstasy of a delight
So much o'ermastering all his might,
To that one same made all else thrall;
An so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all!

One guesses quickly that Crashaw is precisely one of those "madrigal fellows" strangely wandered into para-

dise and making love to the angels with a gay confidence.

He is no less a good Christian for all that and a fervent one too, only one must make allowances for the brightness and whimsy of his ways. Vaughn reveals a profound imagination and a passionate soul absorbed in God, Herbert a sensitive and sweet, even if weak nature, relying on Christ—Crashaw is the courtier poet, exultant from a fresh conversion, but retaining much of the manner and spirit of a happy young man in the world.

All three of these men are in a sense pupils of Donne, but Crashaw was the only one of them who borrowed to the full his wayward brilliance of conceit. Donne's searching intuition and terrible honesty compelled acceptance of these conceits even at their worst—Crashaw is slighter, less powerful, and cannot always do so. One must in advance make concessions to his unruly fancy—but once the play of his wit is accepted in the spirit intended he has a wholly charming gay brightness of imagery and a delightful swiftness of music. And even the much ridiculed Saint Mary Magdalene with its tears that flowing upward defy gravity, and its eyes that are "two walking baths; two weeping motions," becomes not a collection of absurdities but a curio box full of fantastic sweets.

There is one point beyond his eccentricities worth mentioning in connection with Crashaw and that is the daintiness of which he is sometimes capable. A stanza such as this

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks confesse
The April in thine eyes.
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse
No April ere lent kinder showres
Nor May return'd more faithful flowres.

Such a stanza has just the lightness of touch that lends charm, and even more dainty is this on the assumption of the Virgin

Heav'n calls her, and she must away;
Heav'n will not, and she cannot stay.
Go then, go, glorious, on the golden wings
Of the bright youth of heaven, that sings
Under so sweet a burden.

His are the graces and affectations of a court dandy; he fell in love with a

pair of bright eyes but, when he found they belonged to an angel instead of a coquette, he was fine enough of nature to rise to this unexpected level, transform a flirtation into an ecstasy. He stayed himself but went on to show the best of himself. And he truly belongs in Angelico's pretty paradise where his wit would have set the bright faces blushing and completed the charm of an already charming picture.

Weather Report

By VINCENT STARRETT

There was a lively row, last night,
In God's big roadhouse in the heavens.
I think some shrewd and pious wight
Was rolling far too many sevens.
Or possibly somebody swallowed
A pint of hooch and swiped the cash;
And then a lot of shooting followed:
I heard the cracks and saw the flash.
And then I heard loud voices calling
Strong names I didn't understand,
And sounds like heavy benches falling,
And music from a drunken band.
Reminded me that folks in glory
Are said to have a lovely time;
But no one ever hears the story—
There seems to be a lot of crime.

Galatea

By CHARD POWERS SMITH

Through the night you showed me all
Beauty's silent ritual.
After dinner, shoulders bare
In the level candle flare,
When you raised your pumiced arms
Like two swans in swimming billows,
And hands clasped behind your hair,
Rippled down into the pillows;
Suddenly old Attic charms
Touched the shadows everywhere:
Columns, altar and a spring,
And you poised, an ageless thing
Svelt as any moonlit blade
Still in Beauty's accolade.
Nothing wanted, nothing said.

Sylvan moon instead of candle.
Beauty by a pool you are,
Nude of girdle, veil and sandal,
Watching a reflected star.
Marble thigh and marble breast
Not so formed to be possessed,
Be possessed and leave me starved.
Marble once forever carved—
Beauty silent through the night
In eternal candle light.
Mind not made to stoop to me
In congeniality,
But in great and secret ways
To diffuse the moonlight rays,
Turning prismical, serene—
Silver, lilac, beryl green—
Keeping contours straight and clean
Where the lights and shadows meet.
Let me be the star beneath
The mirror pool beneath your feet—
Still as wonder's bated breath.

Or if curious and kind
You would reach to me to find

What it is, the star you see;
Stretching down a pearly toe,
In exquisite ecstasy
Touch the fountain of my mind.
Draw back! See the ripples go,
See the stars and planets shake,
All the universe a lake
Dancing to the tune we know.

Laugh the ripples out of sight.
What have they to do with you?—
Starlit fancies, spirit billows.
Dawn is peering through the willows
And the mirror quiets quite,
Rosy with a new reflection.
Do you weary of perfection?
Do you stir among the pillows?
Beauty, are you woman too.

To A Stone

By RICHARD KIRK

Even in sleep I touch you distantly,
And am not stone though quietly I lie.
So near to life (But life itself am I!),
So near to life you seem, eternally
Nudged by the earth disturbed by growing grass,
And the mole's burrowing, and the roots of trees,
And by children who run and fall on hands and knees
To gather beside you blossoms before they pass!
Yet even in sleep I am nearer child and tree,
Nearer in deepest sleep, near though I die!
Even in death I touch you distantly,
And am not stone though quietly I lie.

A Note On Fenimore-Cooper

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

AMONG all the figures in American literature who have lately been under critical fire, Cooper has suffered as little as any. A curious chapter indeed could be written on the antics critics have gone through in swallowing him. Such a situation is not astonishing in the light of a knowledge of the dominant critics but it is astonishing to find so keen a man as Van Wyck Brooks concluding "the characters of Cooper lighted up a little fringe of the black uncut forest; they linked the wilderness with our own immemorial world," when he has dealt so caustically with figures of vastly greater literary importance. Part of this may be explained perhaps through reference to selective forgetting. A great many people formerly read Cooper in childhood, and in after years he assumed a place in the delirious haze that spread over those years, taking a place with tops, marbles, and the multiplicity of games. But today I doubt that it is so. The urge that he satisfied is catered to by the motion pictures and in spite of the fact that his books are still issued in elaborate illustrated editions I doubt that he is popular. The boy of immediate yesterday read Horatio Alger and the boy of today reads with greatest zest about the utilizers of some at the moment bizarre fashion in mechanical invention, or gives his allegiance, not to the idealized primitives of Cooper, but to the conquering hero of business. Cooper will always no doubt retain a hold upon children, but I doubt that he ever again can conquer the adult intelligence. In this respect his case resembles Dickens. And it seems right and logical to take him from his high place in American literary history and consider him as an interesting fossil.

The older critics have not been reluctant to make objections to Cooper, as may be discovered by reading Lounsbury's "Life" and Brownell's essay, but by some unknown mechanism they have in concluding dismissed the objections with a gesture and repeated the formula of his greatness, which seems both absurd and unnecessary. Their objections have tended to fall into a definite pattern however. They have been chiefly objections to form, where Cooper is obviously vulnerable, and not to substance, where he is presumed to be invulnerable. At this point it seems to me they fail.

Cooper, beyond everything else, was a frontier man. As a boy he was taken to western New York by his father. He was notoriously without interest in intellectual concerns, and his ideals were colored by two fundamentals: to be a gentleman, and to be a man of action. The society he was brought up in emphasized the virtues of action rather than thought. Cooper was, in psychological parlance, an extrovert. His letters and

journals reveal, not a thinking, but an active man. I do not know of a figure who is held in such high regard whose letters are so barren of substance. Henry James complained of the tenuosity of Hawthorne's journals, but what would he have made of the fragments of Cooper's that we have? He would, of course, have put them aside in pain, for they are an amazing revelation of a total lack of intellectual interests. Lounsbury remarked Cooper's distressingly narrow religious and social opinions, but he did not accuse Cooper of intellectual vacuity, as he should have. For days and days Cooper's reading consisted of a few chapters from the Bible, and the occasional non-religious books that come in for mention are never analyzed beyond the point of being denominated interesting or dull. A typical journal entry is this:

10 Monday. Began the Acts. Last night was severely cold, as has been to-day. Thermometer in cold places below zero all day. Went with wife to Chalet, but were nearly frozen. Caught a turkey and killed it myself, and bought a keg of oysters on my way back. Sleighting tolerable, but not as good as we are accustomed to at this season. Paul returned. Chess with wife, she beating outrageously. No more ice.

And so it goes on. It is customary in exculpating Cooper for his literary crimes to refer to his ignorance of literature historically. His culture was that of a gentleman of the day and may be rather accurately measured by running through the quoted chapter headings of a few of his books. He quotes regularly from Shakespeare, Thompson, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Pope, Burns, Gray, Freneau, Bryant and Halleck. The only novelist he read with any thoroughness was Scott. He regarded all New Englanders, literary and otherwise, with suspicion. Culturally there is little to be said for Cooper, that cannot equally be said of any rural gentleman of his social position in that day. The frontier society that he knew cared nothing for culture and neither did he. His ideals were of the frontier pattern. It is well remembered that he gave up a life of action to satisfy his wife, and that he came to writing purely by accident. There is probably no particular merit in a man deliberately turning to writing but it seems obvious that the major artists always have a deep seated drive in that direction. Cooper certainly did not.

His writing reminds one forcibly of the writing that occasionally comes to us from men of action today. Barring certain astonishing encumbrances of style, adequately exposed by Mark Twain, it is strait forward narrative unencumbered by subtleties. It tells without adornment, a story. The characters are excessively simplified. The action is based upon pursuit. It is apt to lack an adequately motivated beginning and an inexplicable ending. Who knows why the girls have chosen to join their father in times of peril in "The Last of the Mohicans?" Or why the hostile Indians are hostile? Motives were outside of Cooper's interests. His novels go—that is all. Cooper's ability to realize a succession of scenes, usually accounted one of his merits, and his reliance upon mere

succession, or pursuit, for plot are essentially the same as the bases of the cheaper motion pictures, and those who are swiftest to defend Cooper are just as swift to condemn this class of movies. What gives an abiding and satisfying interest in the terse narratives of heroic action is the authentic experience that rings through them. You feel it all, you experience it vicariously. But in Cooper it is not so. His single appeal is that of melodrama, which is not, I believe an authentic utilization of emotional appeal, but either a pandering to it or vulgarization of it.

But Cooper is excused on the grounds that his literary milieu supplied no correctives. This is entirely sophistical. The uncompromising truth is that Cooper lacked intellectual force in the field of aesthetics, for it should be realized that Poe and Hawthorne were his contemporaries and that they wrestled successfully with the very problems that Cooper so egregiously muffed. Poe with his critical-mathematical intelligence hammered out certain rigid and altogether astonishing, in the light of his surroundings, canons of form. Hawthorne investigated with amazing subtlety human motives and concentrated on "internal drama." Cooper did neither. He achieved neither form nor style, nor psychological subtlety. Cooper did not even realize the legitimate limitations of the novelist's art, but used many of his fictions to teach didactically his irritated opinions on contemporary problems and concerns. And he was as careless of form as he was of province. There is, of course, no transcendental merit in tight construction. That is recognized today if never before, for the perfection of Flaubert has fallen before the onslaughts of the Russians and such writers as James Joyce. But whatever the form, to be meritorious a novel must have inner justification, and Cooper's never do. Style, however, seems indispensable, and so is a modicum of attention to the obscure inner urges that control men. Cooper's characters are cardboard characters, or clockwork ones. Natty Bumppo comes nearest to being a subtle creation, but the only distinction between *Le Gros Serpent* and *Le Renard Subtil* is simply the distinction between good Indian, that is favorably inclined toward the whites, and bad Indian.

Did Cooper, in spite of all this, write high romance? If he was a primitive in his method, where are the mature examples of the genre? It is significant to note that the romantic appeal he made to the French consisted of two parts: the appeal of scenery, and the appeal of the Indians. Balzac remarked: "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character as well as he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature he would have uttered the last word of our art." Neither appeal that he did make had any necessary literary basis. Both were based on the appeal of the strange, unknown and far away. The post-war interest in the South Seas was on the same basis and Herman Melville rode into fame, fortuitously, on that basis. So slim a support cannot keep Melville up, and what he has, as contrasted to Cooper, is vastly significant. Mel-

ville has an emotional intensity which grips up, and carries the reader beyond any mere reaction to a barren parade of distant and ill-apprehended facts. You always feel a vital mind behind the words. A fiction writer is not valued for the strangeness of his material so much as for the quality of the experience he communicates and his success in communicating it. Conrad undoubtedly had that in mind when he asked with some irritation why it was that he was called a novelist of the sea when Thomas Hardy was never called a novelist of the land. Cooper is decidedly not an early member of the romantic tradition of Melville and Conrad. He belongs with Robert Louis Stevenson, and Stevenson, Frank Swinnerton has with excellent reasons assured us, killed romance. In Cooper's way of romance is death, not literary vitality.

From a primitive it is not pertinent to demand the highest development of possibilities, nor even that he follow the trends he starts to logical conclusions. Cezanne did not develop cubism, but Picasso did. Of a primitive we may demand intrinsic interest, and we may legitimately look for the developments of the genre. But where are the literary descendants of Cooper? And of what intrinsic interest are Cooper's books? The latest important essay on Cooper concentrates upon his personality. And really the great interest he still has for students of American literature is as a personality who solved the problem of the literary life in the frontier community. Broadly speaking there are two ways to do that: a writer may resolutely attack the problem of portraying, or being concerned with, his immediate surroundings, or he may turn to older, more fixed cultures and immerse himself in them. In either case limitations of circumstance are imposed on the writer. Cooper by and large did the former, while Washington Irving did the latter. Irving, naturally and inevitably attained to a more "literary" achievement. But Cooper never became literary in an admirable or derogatory sense. He remained a frontier man to the end. He remained an extrovert to the end, with a mind uncomplicated by much culture. But perhaps because he imagined rather than personally experienced his stories they lack the merits sometimes found in the writings of minds of his type. And he lacked the qualities of a genuine literary artist. Because the intellectual values in Cooper are so slight they do not buoy up his work today. His books may continue for a long time interesting to children and as a personality he will always be an interesting type in our early literary history. But why blink the fact that he is no longer of high literary significance and try to make of a fossil a living man?

The Great Prognostic

A DRAMATIC FANTASY

By JOHN McCLURE

PETRONIUS AMPHAX and EUSEBIUS SCAURUS, *the latter very much out of breath, are discovered in a tavern at Cairo. There is a great disturbance without, the Egyptians milling in the street like cattle.*

EUSEBIUS. There is no question the stars were falling. The sky was alive with them like flaming butterflies.

PETRONIUS. I did not see it.

EUSEBIUS. The boys are calling it in the street. Did you fail to hear the people running and shouting? The market was mad. It is a grave prognostic.

PETRONIUS. I was reading Plotinus on the angels. The hubbub escaped me.

EUSEBIUS. As likely as not it foretokens the fall of the empire. They were like hailstones.

Enter METRODORUS ASTYANAX, reeling

METRODORUS. The devil take us, but this is the end of all. They fell in the ditches bigger than eggs. The earth will swallow us up.

PETRONIUS. Calm yourself, Metrodorus. This phenomenon may be quite natural.

METRODORUS. Bah! So is death and destruction. The gods is stoning us, I tell you, because of our grievous sins. There has been too much beer-drinking in Cairo.

EUSEBIUS. There has not been such a portent recorded since the crocodiles came out of the Nile. They marched

out in squads, and Nero burned Rome the next morning. The situation is serious. Some doom was written across the skies.

PETRONIUS. I will believe it when it has happened.

METRODORUS. Bah! you will be dead. What dogs is left over will be gnawing your jaws. It is hellfire was falling.

PETRONIUS. The sky does, in fact, look black.

METRODORUS. They all fell in the streets, I tell you. All the beer will be spilled and all us Egyptians.....

EUSEBIUS. It is possible the omen applies to other cities than Cairo.

METRODORUS. It could be, but the devil has been here. This town is licentious. Muleteers has shot dice in the temple, and I was among them. Young women has danced in the pot-houses.

PETRONIUS. Milk and blood fell from heaven in Italy and nothing in particular happened.

METRODORUS. These was planets.

PEOPLE without in the streets are hurrying to and fro in extreme excitement. Snatches of frightened speech are heard: "Is it the fall of Rome?.... The doom of Heliogabalus?" "The sea will rise boiling!" *Enter PORPHYRY ARSANO with haggard eyes.*

PORPHYRY. The gods have spoken. I bid you farewell. Good friends, brave friends, give me your prayers.

METRODORUS. Eh?

PETRONIUS. Nothing is going to happen.

PORPHYRY. Do not delude yourself. This doom is upon me. I have foreseen it. Instantaneously the bolt will strike. I am prepared. You will find my papyrys laid out, Petronius Amphax, prepared for the publisher. I have made ready. I do not retract. It is a visitation. Impertinently I denied the gods. It is in the seventh chapter. Impudently I defied them. Insolently I will accept my doom.

METRODORUS. Eh?

PORPHYRY. I await it with complacence if not with defiance.

METRODORUS. We will all be mashed when the crash comes.

PORPHYRY. You are absurd.

METRODORUS. I know who in this town is sinners.

PORPHYRY. Do you think for a moment the gods waste their wrath on the multitude?

METRODORUS. I seen the stars falling, so did all Cairo and six counties of farmers.

PORPHYRY. I have told you there is sufficient justification for this miracle in the seventh chaper of my "De Deo-

rum Natura", which, as I explained, I laid out for the publisher the moment the orbs began plunging.

EUSEBIUS AND PETRONIUS. Extraordinary.

There is the galloping of a horse without. The mob hushes.

THE COURIER. The empire totters! The legions are destroyed! Domidius is slain! The barbarians are at the Golden Horn!

EUSEBIUS. I feared something of this sort.

PETRONIUS. It was a prognostic.

EUSEBIUS. If the heathen are at the Golden Horn, it is the end of the western world.

PETRONIUS. Indubitably.

EUSEBIUS (*to Porphyry Arsano*).

Now you can sleep easy

PORPHYRY. I have studied astronomy. This shower of stars had nothing to do with the army. This doom is mine. I have incurred it. I await it with insolence. I shall be dead before dawn.

Exit PORPHYRY ARSANO with haggard eyes.

METRODORUS. It is not as bad as it could have been. I had give up liquor. Shall I order three beers?

My Achievement

By RICHARD KIRK

My achievement is the dress
Wherein my unsuccess
Moves within the crowd,
Ironic in her shroud.

The Commercial Poster In Paris and New York

By EDITH VALERIO

THE nightmare of the American billboard has been sufficiently inveighed against, by the vitriol-imbued pen and tongue of a doughty American artist. Like other esthetic scourges—yellow journalism, the "Comical Page," the B. R. T. Subway megaphone—it is one of the first fruits of a chaotic civilization and largely the result of grafting inferior shoots of old world races upon the American tree of Liberty, thereby impeding and distorting its proper and intended development. It is of the deep psychological chasm between the French and American conception of the commercial poster, something which cannot fail to impress the frequenter of the Paris "metro" (where this form of art is chiefly displayed), that I wish to speak, for in no particular, neither in dress nor language, in manner nor habits, does the national difference in temperament and degree of esthetic development stand out in greater relief.

There is, I believe, a conviction current among Americans, that the art of the commercial poster is one in which their national artists excel. Of course that depends entirely upon what one considers the essentials of a good poster. If these consist in a sort of stand-and-deliver attack upon the vision, a forcible projection into his consciousness, through the eye of the beholder, of a stark, staring fact, set forth in a form which reflects more credit upon the implements of the artist than upon his gifts of imagination, then, indeed

pre-eminence must be conceded to the average American poster. In its strident appeal to the spectator, it also consolidates the first impression that the dweller in European cities must receive upon arriving in New York—the impression of incessant, obsessing noise. And by this is not meant the noise of street traffic (in which respect Paris might successfully compete), but noise in the daily and general conduct of life—the ear-splitting yells of the children at play, the shouting and be-shouted-at passengers in the subway, the loud vocal pitch at which conversations are everywhere carried on, to all of which its maximum of noise is contributed by every mechanical device at work. It appears to him as if every individual, every object, were in a heated competition to assail him with the fact of his or its presence and particular claims. Dismayed and obsessed by the world of glaring fact that arrests his vision at every turn—colossal faces of rubicund red-lipped users of a certain brand of soap or article of food, serene and lofty youths in impeccable collars, grinning school-children, displaying an animal enjoyment in various toothsome confections, greedy old gentlemen ingurgitating cups of coffee with unpleasant gusto, realistic revelations of the intimacies of feminine apparel—the individual of a reflective or thoughtful bent of mind realizes definitely, if for the time, that there is compensation for the sightless orbs of the blind.

Now, the French commercial poster does not break forcibly into the portals of your consciousness. It knocks very gently at the outer gate and when introduced, steps softly but surely into its intimate recesses. And there it establishes itself, not as a maddening obsession, but as a pleasant stimulant to the latent springs of imagination. It leads us into a world of fancy and graceful mirth, shot through with little darts of mockery and spritely badinage. The well-born and well-bred old gentlemen, with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes, reclining with easy grace in his arm chair, and wearing with elegance his half opened scarlet robes, regards you with a mocking smile which makes your own lips twitch with amusement. He is there to inform you, with smiling and courtly conviction, of the unquestionable superiority of the Clamond Radiator. "Nous clamons et pro-clamons," he asserts, with an apt and facile play upon the name, "que Clamond est le meilleur radiateur." And, of course you must accept the statement, or it would be a sad reflection upon the degree of your own intelligence, as the mocking smile so subtly intimates.

Here we see the delights of Deloso, a new liqueur, demonstrated by a graceful lady—not the superior young woman of the American poster, who believes she has only to appear to conquer, but the one who understands the true secret of feminine seduction, the delicate flattery of the implied desire to please, before which the most impervious masculine heart must succumb. Yes, even that of the big white polar bear who accepts the proffered aperitif with a melting glance of delicious abandonment.

And here is a fantastic little old man in tight-fitting yellow pantaloons and long green coat, who is being shot into the air under the exhilarating influences of Kola. Every part of him, side-whiskers and hair, green coat-tails—is participating in the general uplift. Even his hat has parted from his head in the aerial race.

A very old-timer, but one which has deservedly survived pre and post-war times is the advertisement for a certain brand of pate-de-foie-gras. Two motherly old geese are standing over a jar of the confection with pensive and gratified glances, "Ah!" exclaims one feelingly, "que c'est bon!" You can almost hear a human sigh of the satisfaction that is untinged by any consciousness of its cannibalistic nature or the probable fate in store for herself and her companion.

And to mention one more of the innumerable fancies with which the French poster artist invests his subject, we should not overlook this merry little figure, clad in glove-fitting costume of red, with dapper satin boots, dancing lightly down a staircase, flooded with the aspersions of a hose playing freely upon him. But coughs and colds have no terrors for him, as why should they? "Moi, ca m'est égal," he exclaims gaily, as he flourishes a box of cough drops in his hand, "j'ai les pastilles Britannia!"

It may be objected that this pictorial style of poster can never have as immediate and universal an appeal as its more prosaic American prototype. This may well be, as the elementary perceptions of a young child, or the primitive understanding of the illiterate immi-

grant, can immediately seize the meaning of the latter. But if, instead of studiously living down to this grade of public, the poster artist would seek to educate it up to a higher standard of observation and receptivity, incidentally captivating the attention and appreciation of a more cultured class, might it not create, for the article advertised associations that would ensure it a more lasting reputation and celebrity, besides investing his work with something of the esthetic element it so woefully lacks—an element of which the French poster artist never loses sight. As the matter stands, the divergence of the two methods must strike everyone familiar with both. On the one hand, an aggressive summons to the attention, through the medium of disconcerting size, vivid color, bald statement presented in a rule of thumb technique ("strictly tailored," as it were) on the other, a gentle beckoning to the imagination through imagery and a play of fancy, as light and free as that of the artist's pencil and brush. To effect a reconciliation between fact and fancy,

to infuse the dull opaqueness of daily realities with light and color is, of course, a peculiar and blessed faculty of the French race, an instinct from which has been evolved their whole philosophy of life, their art of living, in order to share in which, so many diverse nations are brought together in Paris. A rough image of this racial proclivity was inadvertently furnished to me by a phrase, carelessly spoken, by a young American sitting near to me, in a Paris restaurant. Speaking to some of his compatriots of the kinds of food more in favor with Americans, and mentioning a certain dish (of which I did not catch the name), he added rather impatiently: "And they always serve it with *their darned herbs*." Those three words assumed in my mind a rude but revealing symbolism, for is it not precisely in the presence of those "darned herbs" that lies the whole difference between the "eats" of New York and the Paris "plat du jour," between many things French and American and among others the commercial poster of Paris and New York?

Another Prison

By RICHARD KIRK

All prisons men have made for men
Have times of toil and times of ease,
And many are the moments when
Their walls are clear transparencies.

All prisons men have made are kind,
And have a human law and shape;
But I know one wherein the mind
Suffers and cannot dream escape.

Reviews

HESPERIDES

(*Hesperides*, by Ridgely Torrence. Macmillan, 1925).

FOUR books of the past year have contained poetry of high merit, "Heliodora," by H. D.; "Chills and Fever," by John Crowe Ransom; "Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson, and now "Hesperides," by Ridgely Torrence. There were others, too, with random bits of excellence. Mr. Torrence, raising his voice leisurely after years of silence, thus finds himself chanting in good company. Inferior in sustained artistry to Ransom's and Mrs. Aldington's books, "Hesperides" probably contains work which will be treasured longer by normal readers than anything in either. The feeling and vision in Torrence's finest poems is of such intensity and clarity that it dims much of the work of more skillful poets. It seems to me that "Holy Satyr" and "Helen," by H. D., ought to last as long as anything done in our day. But I am not at all sure that "Rituals for the Events of Life," "The Son," "Hesperides," "Santa Barbara Beach," and some other verses in Mr. Torrence's volume will not last longer. They have more general appeal.

Mr. Torrence has imagination, enthusiasm, feeling and a vigorous rhythmical impulse combined. This is remarkable and gratifying at a time when most of our poets of merit are either gushers without rhythmical impulse, ironical analysts afraid of sentimentality, or artists who, for one reason or

another, retire from the immediate aspects of life. Torrence gives himself to his art whole-heartedly. He is idealistic, sentimental and compassionate, and not ashamed of it. He is quite willing to shout at the camp-meeting. He is not afraid of tears. Out of such enthusiasm and candor springs the art that is closest to the heart. If the timbre of Mr. Torrence's expression were finer, his rhetoric a trifle more precise, he would be a great poet. He is an excellent poet now.

Much of Mr. Torrence's excellent work is spotty—lines and passages sandwiched between mediocre form or mediocre rhetoric. This is too bad, considering that he is able to do what he has proved he is able to do.

It is possible that Mr. Torrence has not followed his natural development. It appears to me that he has a natural affinity for two forms of verse—syncopation as in "The Son" and the railroad blues portion of "Eye Witness" and oratorical and dramatic inflections. It may be treasonable to say so, but the title poem seems not to be in Mr. Torrence's natural voice. The rhythm seems a borrowed vehicle, a selected medium. And that fine poem misses greatness for just that reason: its lilt seems vaguely unnatural and hollow: "Legend," too, is in a form that seems arbitrary, therefore hollow. The same is true of several other poems in the book. Now in all these poems, in "Hesperides" especially, there are gorgeous spots, strong and vigorous lines. But they seem too often forced glories. Mr. Torrence, to me,

seems more natural in "Evensong," in the tight and rapid rhythm of "Three O'Clock," and especially in the syncopation of "Eye Witness" and "The Son," and the pontifically dramatic and oratorical passages here and there which are finest in the "Rituals."

This is not to say that "Eye Witness" is a better poem than "Hesperides." It is not. It is merely to say that Mr. Torrence would probably have developed into a finer poet by following his natural instincts in rhythm than by hooking onto rhythmical patterns for which he does not seem to have an affinity. This pontifical oratory

In all this world of visible images
There is no music, neither shadow of sound
Nor gladness nor a glory to be found
Able to yield us, out of loveliness,
The life we dream, the breath that we pursue.
which opens the "Ritual for Birth and Naming" is firmer in texture than

When the wounded seaman heard the ocean
daughters
With their dreamy call
Lull the stormy demon of the waters
He remembered all

In the latter we detect a scaffolding of rhythm, the former is an organic structure, an edifice in speech. Mr. Torrence lacks the eery skill of De la Mare, who can build organic structures from haunting cadences. Good as this last stanza is, it lacks the final mortar of interior harmony.

"The Son" has organic structure, as good jazz has it. There is rhythmical vitality in this language:

I heard an old farm wife,
Selling some barley,
Mingle her life with life
And the name "Charley."

Saying: "The crop's all in,
We're about through now;
Long nights will soon begin,
We're just us two now.

"Twelve bushel at sixty cents
It's all I carried....
He sickened making fence;
He was to be married....

"It feels like frost was near....
His hair was curly.
The spring was late that year,
But the harvest early."

It would be a pleasure to quote the title poem and rituals, but they are long. Here are four lines from "Evensong:"

Over the flaming leaves
Freezes the sky.
It is the season grieves,
Not you, not I.

It would be a pleasure to quote, too, the railroad blues from "Eye Witness" which contain some God-awful rhymes, but some vigorous rhythms. However, those blues run for pages.

Get the book and read it, not once, but often. There is intellectual significance of a high order in these poems, and emotional value. Mr. Torrence has vision.

JOHN MCCLURE.

ARROWSMITH

(*Arrowsmith*, by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt Brace, 1925).

THE combination of popular success and critical approval which has greeted Mr. Lewis' last three novels, "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith" is an entertaining phenomenon. The patronage of the thousands seems to me not difficult to understand. Mr. Lewis writes entertainingly, he never dives too deep nor analyses too abstrusely for ordinary intelligence and he makes delightful fun of what the reader recognizes as his next door neighbor: Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Moreover he releases and leads the growing rebellion against the great American God, *Bunk*.

The plaudits of the critical minded

arise out of a state of mind not very different, if more consciously realised. American literary critics have been obsessed with sociology for some years. The fight against puritanism, prudery and the taboo to clear the field for honest literature and art has made warriors of them. They have lost sight of their original purpose, and are in the same fix as the man who becoming a soldier to uphold an important cause forgets in the struggle his original impulse, and learns to love war for its own sake. So we have in this country no critics of literature, only champions of free speech, of free trade, free love, free libraries, free beer. These generals see in Mr. Sinclair Lewis a gallant ally. Therefore they nail him as a great novelist.

This reviewer has read Mr. Lewis faithfully. He plodded through "Main Street" curious and a little bored. He chuckled two-thirds through "Babbitt" and then sat up and got excited as it seemed for a moment Mr. Babbitt was coming alive. "Arrowsmith" proved even more entertaining than either of its immediate predecessors, more glibly written yet a greater disappointment. Through those great prairies of competent and undistinguished prose there was not one gleam of that genius that has guttered for a moment in "Babbitt" and gone out.

"Arrowsmith" is the story of a young scientist whose interest lies in bacteriology. He marries, tries general practice in a Dakota village, fails, tries public health service in a Wisconsin town, fails at that and goes back to research. There he meets the only sort of reward which sincere work can give, namely the opportunity for further hard work.

During an epidemic of bubonic plague in the West Indies, whither he goes to try out his bacteriophage discovery, his wife dies. He returns to the United States, marries a rich widow and continues his experimentation, shutting out all extraneous interests to the disgust of his worldly bride.

The story obviously presents great possibilities to the novelist. Unfortunately Mr. Lewis is too much interested in exposing the American stupidity and obtuseness to science to develop his novel. As a novel it is quite meaningless. Martin Arrowsmith, himself is never for a moment realised though he is elaborately explained. You never know why he married Leora. In fact you doubt the existence of this young woman altogether, she is too like the good fairy in a story book. Why does Mr. Lewis kill her off? It is quite probable that she would have died in a plague epidemic; but a novelist is answerable to something higher and altogether on a different plane than the laws of chance, probability or hygiene. Neither does the plague episode have any necessity. It could have been left out entirely. So could his second marriage. There is no compulsion to "Arrowsmith" at all. The trend of events carries no meaning. You may say in defense that life itself is meaningless. I answer that, Mr. Lewis at least should not be at the mercy of blind chance in composing his book. A writer cannot be meaningless and succeed. He has too great a competition from Nature.

Gottlieb, the high Knight of Science, is a paraphrase of Jacques Loeb, the biologist. Mr. Lewis has copied all the eccentricities; but the genius we have to take on faith, it is explicit, not im-

plicit. Altogether the style of "Arrowsmith" is more expert than that of "Babbitt;" it is often as clumsy but more varied and never so high pitched. It is amusing reading even though freighted with a load of medical and technical jargon (for which due acknowledgment is accorded Dr. Paul de Kruif). It is amusing because Mr. Sinclair Lewis has a shrewd comprehension of the American scene. Yet to a true artist the American scene differs not greatly from the scene which unfolded itself between the "hollow ships" and the Walls of Troy.

JULIUS WEIS FRIEND.

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE

(*That Nice Young Couple*, by Francis Hackett, Boni and Liveright, New York, 1925).

THE adjective "nice" which Mr. Hackett uses to describe his young couple is expressive of this book as a whole. It means nothing. The story of Edward Beale and the girl whom propinquity on board a trans-Atlantic steamer persuades him to marry is insignificant. The point of view of the narrator is commonplace. The incidents smack much of other incidents, recalled vaguely from the readings of the past many years. The wit and satire and irony that one is justified in expecting from Mr. Hackett are lacking.

The story, briefly, is this. Eleanor Byrd, daughter of the middle-west, after an absurd scene with a tempestuous suitor, in which he tosses a string of pearls over the side of the "Aberdeenia," falls in love with Edward Beale, shy, reserved, Harvard 1901. They are married and move to New York, where almost immediately they begin to get on

one another's nerves. Domestic troubles, business difficulties, illness, sexual dissatisfaction, a lover, disgust, reconciliation, connubial happiness, follow in their natural order, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Beale, at the end, apparently as nice and practically as young as they were in the beginning. It is a discouraging book on this account. If so much emotion can be spent with no gain for either God or the Devil, then the experimentalists of today who "live and love and suffer" in order to develop interestingly complex souls are doomed to disappointment.

In Eleanor Byrd, Mr. Hackett created a character upon whom his irony could have played, but unfortunately he fell in love with his heroine, precluding of course, any chance of regarding her sanely and with humor. His admiration of her is enormous; her broad-minded acceptance of her Uncle Bob leaves him gasping with delight; her ability to handle Colin, who comes to her for help after he has contracted syphilis simply bowls him over. Edward, on the other hand, is carefully depicted; he is weighed and balanced, and his actions and reactions noted and analyzed. Out of the dozen or more characters who comprise the book, Edward emerges, the only humanly interesting figure of the lot.

A brief review is not, perhaps, the place to indulge in a discussion of anachronisms, but on page 59 one of the characters in "A Nice Young Couple" is quoted as follows":..... no one can kid me about being young." The first part of this book is supposed to take place just after McKinley's assassination, and it is a question in my mind as to whether this so important

verb in our current vocabulary had yet come into, being. Moreover, there are, I verily believe, more taxicabs on the first pages of "That Nice Young Couple" than there were on the streets of New York at the same time. Mr. Hackett has forgotten of how recent origin the ubiquitous Yellow cabs and their brothers really are.

"That Nice Young Couple" is said by his publishers to be Mr. Hackett's first novel. In "Who's Who," however, he is credited with a prior one, entitled "Candor." One cannot keep on writing "first" novels indefinitely.

ADALINE J. KATZ.

THE NEWER SPIRIT

(*The Newer Spirit*, by V. F. Calverton. Boni and Liveright, 1925).

CRITICISM, according to Mr. Calverton, is a science demanding a sociological approach. I am, however, still somewhat curious about the Newer Spirit idea. Certainly there is nothing new in the spirit with which Mr. Calverton has set about his work, which he has called a sociological criticism of literature; The Narrow Spirit would have been a more suggestive title.

Art, he contends, is variable, and is also largely a matter of environment. And "since man's customs and ideas—which include his tastes and inclinations—vary with every change of his environment, there can be no judgment passed on a work of art or science except in strict sociological terms." He "carries his own logic to its inescapable conclusion" with the following original and erudite illustration:

"For instance, the old illustration that 2 plus 2 equals 4, whether one be sick or well, should be finally exploded. A

number has more concreteness, because of the definite character of its associations, than a visual image or auditory sensation, but the process of perception is similar and the agreement or disagreement as to the nature of the impression is dependent equally upon the state of body and mind at the time of perception. To a man suffering with paresis, 2 and 2 may make eleven or seven or five, just as to a man afflicted with toothache a fascinating novel of genuine quality may be dull and of little value. The matter of numbers, therefore, is conditioned just as distinctly by the state of the perceiving organism as the matter of dramatic criticism, except that numbers, which are more definite co-ordinates and are without the intertwining connotations of dramatic impressions, have acquired an acceptability, or objectivity, that no co-ordinates in the judgment of the drama as yet have been able to secure."

Mr. Calverton uses Tolstoi as an example. He suggests that under the feudal regime of Russia and to the bourgeois societies of the farther Occident, Tolstoi's works might have possessed a rating of 90, using a hundred as a basis. A year ago, however, the books of Tolstoi, along with those of various other Russian writers, were condemned by the Bolsheviks, banned from the libraries and forbidden to the populace. Whereupon the work of Tolstoi dropped thirty points in Calverton's artistic stock market, the latest quotation being a little less than 60.

Mr. Calverton forgets that there are no degrees in art; that we cannot speak of a progress or degeneration of art, in individuals or schools as we can speak of progress or loss in realm of know-

ledge, technique and skill. To quote Ananda Coomaraswami: "Wagner and Raphael are not necessarily superior to Palestrina and Giotti because of their more elaborate technique or superior facility. We can only ask: in which have we evidence of the most profound vision; which of these artists is the greater vessel?"

We may observe that at various moments in the history of an individual or a school there is a varying degree of vision; this, however, is not variability of art, but of individual. Art is always recognisable as art, environment and Mr. Calverton to the contrary. In the words of Blake: "The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that art can go beyond the finest specimens of art that are now in the world is not knowing what art is, it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit."

Although, of course, The Newer Spirit may be another matter.

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH.

BACKFURROW

(*Backfurrow*, by G. D. Eaton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925).

HAVING an acquaintance with first novels, "Backfurrow" is about the sort of thing one would expect a first novel to be. Having an acquaintance with some of the writings of G. D. E., "Backfurrow" is not the type of novel expected from his pen.

The story deals with a Michigan boy against an agrarian background. Ralph Dutton, brought up by his aged grandparents in extreme poverty, suffers, among other reasons, because his birth was illegitimate. Embittered and lonely, his one desire becomes to escape from the farm. This ambition is realized

when the aged couple die. By dint of immense efforts to save he accumulates enough money to take him to Detroit. His stay is short because his funds are exhausted before he finds work. He returns to the farm.

His age being sufficient by this time, his physical emotions run him into an impasse with Ellen Tupper. Not quite sure what it is all about, he marries her. Her part in the story is to bear offspring, which she does with amazing regularity. The end is obvious. A dull home life, persistently failing crops and the constantly mounting responsibilities of fatherhood lead to a slow and painful death of Ralph's ambitions. Brief respite appears in the form of a semi-trepid romance with Jean, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. The affair dies from malnutrition.

Ralph Dutton is enveloped in the morass of spiritual debility. Eaton leaves him, broken, disillusioned and old before his time. He has no thought or plan for the future, he has no care or regret for the past and the present does not interest him.

Such a picture as Eaton has painted is full of stark realism in many respects, notably in the characterization of the hero, and overemphasized or exaggerated in others as in the depiction of Michigan farm life. This novel will fall into the class known as "realistic" and like so many of that school suffers from the common complaint of depicting something against which the author seems to have a grudge. As a consequence his portrayal of Michigan farm life is too "realistic" and our sympathies are aroused where Eaton would have us hate.

The plot is entirely unoriginal; a doz-

en books of 1924 may be found to have essentially the same plot. The technique is of the style that has been called 'photographic-reportorial' and is faulty in many places. The story limps and halts at intervals, but for all that the hero is a real flesh and blood person.

Eaton has written of something within his own experience but in so doing has forgotten the many details that might give the picture of the farm more clarity and truth. He emphasizes the background, holding it responsible for the failure of his hero. The constant intrusion of the background in its barren aspect leads the reader to the conclusion that some of the mitigating circumstances of farm life are being left unsaid.

The ability displayed in making Ralph Dutton live for the reader bids fair for the future. When Eaton's next novel appears it is to be hoped that there will be less of prejudice and more of characterization in it.

ARTHUR R. TURNER.

THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

*(The Home Book of Modern Verse, An Extension of the Home Book of Verse, Compiled and arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson.
Henry Holt and Company,
1925).*

THIS collection of American and English poetry of the twentieth century, which runs to more than 1000 pages and includes as many poems, is disappointing, but valuable. The mass of mediocre verse, chosen for its emotional appeal, overshadows the good poems to such a degree that on opening the volume at random you are tempted to denounce it. However, even a quick examination reveals that Mr. Stevenson, though he has sinned grievously in

omissions and more grievously in selections, has compiled a useful anthology. He has chosen more genuinely good poems than Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson included in their volume (of course, he had more room in which to print them and he has selected more bad ones, too). He has tried, honestly, to do justice to the modernist as well as the conventional poets. He has not done so, but it is because, as a critic, Mr. Stevenson leans to the emotional and oracular types of literature in simple and regular rhythms. He includes in his collection a score or more of modernist poets, T. S. Eliot, Maxwell Bodenheim, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, Richard Aldington, H. D., Ezra Pound among them (but not William Carlos Williams, Louis Gilmore, and a number of others who certainly ought to be represented). His dismissal of Stevens and Pound with only one poem each is to be compared with his emphasis on Harry Kemp, and Louis Untermeyer, with nine poems each, and Charles Divine, five. Margaret Widdemer is represented with fifteen poems against H. D.'s four and George Santayana's one. Elizabeth J. Coatsworth is not included at all, nor is Basil Thompson, but you find Dorothy Dow and Zoe Akins. Edgar Lee Masters and Paul Eldridge are snubbed to make room for Herbert Jones. Mr. Stevenson also passes by superb poems and includes inferior ones by the poets whom he does select for printing. As a critic, he fails lamentably. As an anthologist, he is likely to irritate many readers by his grouping of the poems according to subject matter—"poems of sentiment and reflection," "poems of love," "poems of nature." This is all very

well in special collections, and it goes well in such an organic work as De la Mare's "Come Hither" (Knopf) in which the compiler takes the reader step by step through the other world, studying the geography of fancy. But in a collection like "The Home Book of Modern Verse" (compare the excellent "Oxford Book of English Verse") arbitrary grouping confuses the issue.

All this against the book. But it has its points. Among the thousand poems by five hundred different authors are a couple of hundred excellent productions, and many more that are excellent in part. Many of them will be new to you. Scores will be old favorites. The collection, valueless as a contribution to criticism, is very valuable as a compilation. It is a large volume, and the cost is not small, but it contains enough fine poetry to be worth double the price. Some of the fugitive pieces, though most are mediocre, are superb. You would have trouble finding them elsewhere. Half a thousand poets good and bad are all jumbled together here, but with thorough indexes. The anthology is good for reading or for reference. You can't go wrong in buying it.

A good sprinkling of light verse is given. F. P. A., for instance, is present in force, with nine poems.

Among the poets included, some of them with a number of selections, are: A. E., Conrad Aiken, Richard Aldington, Hervey Allen, Joseph Auslander, Karle Wilson Baker, Katharine Lee Bates (four poems, among them "Sarah Threeneedles," which appeared originally in *The Double Dealer*), Hilaire Belloc, the Benets, Edmund Blunden, Maxwell Bodenheim, Louise Bogan, Gamaliel Bradford, William Stanley

Braithwaite, Robert Bridges, Witter Bynner, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Campbell, Francis Carlin, Bliss Carman, G. K. Chesterton, Sarah N. Cleghorn, Padraig Colum, Grace Hazard Conkling, Alice Corbin, Adelaide Crapsey, Gladys Cromwell, Donald Davidson, Alice Tildford Dargan, Gustav Davidson, Leland Davis, Mary Carolyn Davies, Walter De la Mare, Babette Deutsch, Glenn Ward Dresbach, John Drinkwater, T. S. Eliot, Donald Evans, Arthur Davison Ficke, Hildegarde Flanner, James Elroy Flecker, John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, John Freeman, Robert Frost, Robert Graves, William Griffith, H. D., Amanda Benjamin Hall, Hazel Hall, Ann Hamilton (three poems, among them "Chanson d'Or" which appeared in *The Double Dealer*), Thomas Hardy, Dubose Heyward, Katharine Tyan, Ralph Hodgson, Laurence Housman, Helen Hoyt, Aldous Huxley, Orrick Johns, James Joyce, Harry Kemp, Aline Kilmer, Alfred Kreymborg, Richard Le Gallienne, Muna Lee, Francis Ledwidge, Haniel Long, Thomas MacDonagh, Archibald MacLeish, Don Marquis, Edwin Markham, Theodore Maynard, John Masefield, Alice Meynell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Marianne Moore, Christopher Morley, David Morton, Robert Nathan, Henry Newbolt, John G. Neighart, Robert Nichols, Edward J. O'Brien, George O'Neil, William Alexander Percy (eight poems, among them "Dirge" from *The Double Dealer*), May Probyn, John Crowe Ransom, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Lola Ridge, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, E. A. Robinson, Carl Sandburg, George Santayana, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Dora Sigerson Shorter, Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell, Leonora Speyer, James Steph-

ens, George Sterling, Wallace Stevens, Marion Strobel, Genevieve Taggard, Sara Teasdale, Eunice Tietjens, Francis Thompson, Ridgely Torrence, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Harold Vinal, Willard Wattles, John Hall Wheelock, Margaret L. Woods, and Elinor Wylie.

Among these, or the other four hundred, any reader should find something to his taste.

JOHN MCCLURE.

STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES

(*Studies from Ten Literatures*, by Ernest Boyd. Scribners & Sons, 1925).

MR. Boyd has managed to preserve an even tone, or rather, to avoid too many dissonant chords, in an extended Cook's tourist type of tour through the labyrinthian literary mazes of some ten countries, no less. From Flaubert to T. S. Eliot and return.

That was the first impression received from the book. The second was that it was a private horseshow, held in the dim Celtic twilight of which Mr. Boyd is a part, at which he awarded the ribbons, blue, yellow and red, of his

approval to those foreign equestrians who managed to perform in a not too discreditable manner on the broad back of that patient steed Pegasus.

Withal the work is well done, in that delightful style of which Boyd is by way of being a master. He has accomplished a difficult task in a pleasing manner; the book contains various amusing anecdotes which, although somewhat beside the point, are interesting. At times Mr. Boyd allows himself to become slightly pedantic, in an excited sort of way, as when he protests against the poor French of Eliot. And of certain translators.

That Mr. Boyd enjoys his work as ring-master, or guide, or what you will, is evidenced by the news that there is, under preparation, another volume which, for a change will be called "Studies in Nine Literatures." To be followed, one supposes, by further studies, in eight, seven and six literatures. finishing up, possibly, with a one man show, in which Mr. Boyd explains the importance of being earnest.

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH.

PSALMS OF THE SEA

OUT-BOUND

By EVERETT BOSTON

Ho, then, Jenny! I'm away!
(Ho! The hauser's straining!)
The tarpaulin's on winches
And the hatches battened down.
Oh, the sea's before me
All the wide, green spaces—
See! The sun's a-winking at the tide!
Kisses in an alley can't compare with fierce embraces,
When the seas come visiting, pounding overside.
So, ho, then, Jenny!—I'm away!
(See the hauser straining!)
We shall walk a white wake down the Bay,
With the hauser coiled like a contented snake.
So, then, Jenny—I'm away!

Books Received

THOSE BARREN LEAVES, by Aldous Huxley. *George Doran*, 1925.

POETS OF AMERICA, by Clement Wood. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*, 1925.

BRING BRING AND OTHER STORIES, by Conrad Aiken. *Boni & Liveright*, 1925.

COLLECTED POEMS, by H. D. *Boni & Liveright*, 1925.

EDITH WHARTON, by Robert Morss Lovett. *McBride*, 1925.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON INTERIOR DECORATION, by B. Russell Hirts. *E. Haldeman-Julius*, 1925.

THE NEWER SPIRIT, by V. F. Calverton. *Boni & Liveright*, 1925.

THE FAR PRINCESS, by Edmond Rostand. *Henry Holt & Co.*, 1925.

THE DRUMS OF YLE, by J. U. Nicolson. *Pascal Covici*, 1925.

THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE, by Burton Egbert Stevenson. *Henry Holt & Co.*, 1925.

MIDIAN MEDITATIONS, by Jean Berry. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1925.

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE, by Francis Hackett. *Boni & Liveright*, 1925.

SCRIMSHAW, by Anne Washington Wilson. *The Norman Remington Co.*, 1925.

MRS. FULLER, by Marguerite Bryant. *Duffield & Co.*, 1925.

SONATA AND OTHER POEMS, by John Erskine. *Duffield & Co.*, 1925.

REBEL SMITH, by Spencer Brodney. *Siebel Publishing Corp.*, 1925.

NOR YOUTH NOR AGE, by Harold Vinal. *Four Seas Co.*, 1925.

THE ARTS ANTHOLOGY OF DARTMOUTH VERSE, 1925.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis. *Harcourt Brace*, 1925.

HESPERIDES, by Ridgely Torrence. *The Macmillan Co.*, 1925.

SPHINX OF FLIGHT, by Marion Couthouy Smith. *Harold Vinal*, 1925.

CONTACT COLLECTION OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS. *Three Mountains Press*, 1925.

NOW AND FOREVER, by Samuel Roth. *Robert M. McBride & Co.*, 1925.

POEMS FOR THE NEW AGE, by Simon Felshin. *Thomas Seltzer*, 1924.

POEMS BY OLIVER WELLS, 1925.

JUNGLE DAYS, by William Beebe. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1925.

ASHE OF RINGS, by Mary Butts. *Three Mountains Press*, 1925.

WANDERING FIRES—POEMS, by Mary and Violet McDougal. *The Stratford Co.*, 1925.

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